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A VILLAGE IN HONG KONG.

Original Communications.

GOSSIP ABOUT CHINA.

CHINA and its future prospects must still be the subject of anxious incessantly-recurring thought in England. The last accounts, though not particularly unfavourable, had a something ominous in their aspect, which seemed but too distinctly to indicate that though peace is signed, harmony is not restored. Our own private correspondence corroborates what has publicly transpired.

The island of Hong Kong is destined to be more known to Europeans in a short time than ever it has been. It is likely to become the scene of an active and, we hope, a thriving trade; and its villages, instead of continuing rural, unfrequented retreats, will probably soon swell into manufacturing towns.

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Among the presents carried out by Lord Amherst for the Emperor were some fine specimens of English china. Some new sets, infinitely superior to anything that had at that period been produced, will probably now be forwarded to his Celestial Majesty, in return for the diamonds presented by him to our Queen,—if the said diamonds were not altogether imaginary, which we rather fear may prove to be the case. The Lord of the Sun and Moon will be quite as much surprised as delighted to mark the progress of our porcelain. The success of our manufacturers in that article has greatly abated the rage which once prevailed here for old china. We do not expect it will ever revive: our home artisans, with better designs and correct perspective, can furnish pictures on a tea service that will bear looking at day after day; and their superiority over the unmeaning, or at least unintelligible hiero-

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glyphics which formerly met the eye on "real old china," cannot for a moment be disputed. Our colours are at least as brilliant as theirs, and we are now attaining that thinness of texture and transparency, which, however unnecessary, it has long been the fashion to admire.

Like the ancient Greeks, it has been remarked, the Chinese have thought proper to exhibit the most important doctrines of their religion on their earthenware. Many of the characters portrayed on their tea-cups are believed to be of great antiquity. We are told, "The operation of the elements on each other to produce the first created matter are understood to be indicated by some of them." It is added, the combinations of the fiery dragon with the Fung Hoang, or bird of Paradise, are deemed expressive of Air; the Ky-lin, or horned dog, denotes Earth; and the tortoise fish, or the lotus, Water.

Twenty years ago a writer in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' who chose to be anonymous, but seemed to have much information on the subject, and whose name, according to the editor, was "anonymous with all that is classical in taste, and profound in research," furnished the following curious particulars:—

"Fohi, the ancient founder of the Chinese Empire (coeval with Noah), is reported to have seen a tortoise issue from the water, bearing on its back a mystical diagram; and on this account we find a tortoise-shell pattern adopted on china as a border, having open compartments in which flowers are painted and enamelled in natural colours. Hence, the date of this appearance to Fohi being considered, we conclude the combined emblem denotes the vegetable creation arising from water. But the forms, as well as the paintings of porcelain, are of mythological import; and the hexagon seems to have been generally preferred, from its representing the natural vein or mark in the shell of the sacred tortoise. We collect from Bayer that Fohi appointed eight Tchin, or spirits—they are probably no more than the eight persons preserved at the general destruction of mankind, with which Fohi must have been coeval, but which he and a few others survived. These persons may be seen on bowls, plates, &c. standing on water, generally supported on a fish or aquatic animal, and are thus distinguished:—

"1. How-cing-koe, a female with a landing net.

"2. Hong-chong-lie, a boy with a flute.

"3. Lit-hit-quay, a man with a crutch and double gourd.

"4. Tong-fong-sok, a man with a fan and the fruit of immortality.

"5. Tchou-lak-how, a man with rattles or castanets.

"6. Lut-hong-pan, a man with a sword and cowtail.

"7. Tchung-colao, a man with a bamboo tube and pencils.

"8. La-mi-tsui-woo, a youth or female with a basket of flowers.

"The implements depicted on Enamel China are the symbols of these divinities, and the fruit borne by the fourth person has suggested the form of many vessels in porcelain. Were a Chinese to present liquor in a vessel so shaped, it might be deemed a flattering mode of salutation.

"We find a ninth person, superior to these, who may perhaps represent the material heaven: he is almost invariably seated; he rides on the stork, a bird of supposed longevity; he is bald and aged, and he carries a sceptre. He seems to be the 'Ancient One,'—a title well known in the Egyptian, Scythian, and Greek mythologies as Pi-apas, and Jupiter Pappaeus."

As it is known the treaty, as approved in England, has now arrived, the next dispatches are expected to announce that the ratifications have been exchanged. It has been surmised that some delay is likely to take place, but we can hardly believe that the Chinese are ready for a new encounter with the English. They have smarted too severely and too recently for the contempt in which they held the outer barbarians, to have much stomach for an immediate renewal of hostilities.

It may, however, be expected that the friendly representations of Russia, France, or America, will at no very remote period succeed in "screwing their courage to the sticking place."

And really it seems quite ridiculous that China should be for a moment coerced by an island like this, if her power has not been enormously over-rated. From notes communicated to Lord Macartney by the Mandarin, Van-ta-gin, the Chinese army then amounted to a million foot soldiers, and eight hundred thousand horse. M. de Guignes, however, computed the infantry at six hundred thousand, of which number two hundred and thirty-five thousand were Tartars, and the cavalry at two hundred and forty-two thousand men. Taking the smaller estimate to be anything like correct, what chance would any English army that we should send there stand, opposed to such a host, if they should only catch a glimpse of European tactics, which they could hardly fail to obtain, from the means employed against them.

A very ludicrous picture is given of the Chinese military by Barrow. According to him—

"When it was hot, they were much more busy with their fans than their matchlocks. Sometimes, drawn up in a single line, they would fall upon their knees before the Am-

basnador. Their parade uniforms seemed to be designed for theatrical characters rather than soldiers; and their quilted petticoats, satin boots and fans, formed a striking contrast with the nature of their profession."

The Tartars had a great contempt for them in war. One Tartar horseman, it was said, would put to flight the whole of the Chinese cavalry. This is rather too extravagant. The inferiority of the latter, however, is not to be doubted, and indeed singular care has been taken to place it on record.

"During the war, which terminated in the subjugation of China by the Mantchous, Kao-Hoang-Ti, the chief of those Tartars, on several occasions, it is said, defeated numerous Chinese armies with a handful of men. Kien Long ordered Yun-nung-tchoong, one of his ministers, to erect a memorial of those achievements of his ancestors. The inscription upon it was afterwards printed in white characters on a black ground, that, as father Amiot observed, the literati of the provinces, who had not an opportunity of seeing the original, might at least have the satisfaction of possessing an exact copy of it.

"It stated that ten thousand Mantchous routed and cut in pieces two hundred thousand Chinese. This is a fact that cannot be controverted. 'I am a Minister of State,' says Yu-nung-tchoong, 'and I am a Chinese. In the first of these qualities I deserve to be believed, because it cannot but be supposed that I am acquainted with the political events of the empire, since I have had opportunities of consulting the archives of the Court, and of the great tribunals of the time of the Ming dynasty. I have a further claim to belief, inasmuch as it is not to be presumed that I would wantonly calumniate the character of my own nation.'"

In many respects the Chinese seem like a nation of children. During the late war, by awful names given to their chiefs, by painted guns, and by the clatter of their weapons, they hoped to frighten their English invaders. Formerly, with a like object in view, they had fierce countenances pictured on their shields, which they called "the tigers of war."

The whims of their potentates the genius of absurdity herself would seem in many instances to have inspired. One of them, the Emperor Hoang-Ti, divided his army into six bodies, to represent the heavens, the earth, the clouds, the winds, the balance of heaven, and the pivot of the earth; another, Tay-Koung, drew up his in five bodies, in allusion to the five planets; and other generals ranged their battalions in the form of the famous five-clawed dragon or mystical tortoise.

Such a nation, so governed, may cause

much trouble, but has a great deal to learn before it can defend itself against a moderate, well-appointed European force.

THE MOON-SEEKER.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN, BY LUDWIG TIECK.

LOUIS TO HIS UNCLE.

(Continued from last week.)

LETTER SECOND.

I STILL am in France, dear uncle,—and why not, since I know neither when nor where I shall see her again!

Lately I had great cause to think of my charming fugitive. When shall I forget her? I was riding on a lonely by-path, in the neighbourhood of the mountains, as I discovered a carriage in the distance, which was occasionally hidden from me by the bushes. It was difficult to reach the highway from that spot, because ditches and swampy places intervened. However, my sharp eyes had discovered female figures; one leant far over the side, and for a moment I fancied that she waved her handkerchief towards me. I was in the greatest fear and uneasiness, lest the carriage should disappear before I could reach the high road.

O, that the moon would restore me the loved one, be it where it might, I would worship her more sincerely than ever.

My dear uncle, I have already left Tharaud, and write to you from the borders of France. Send your answer to —, where I shall remain for some time.

Meanwhile I shall seek for her, describe her, and ask after her everywhere. I shall inform you of my progress before long.

I have journeyed in the midst of wild romantic scenery. Passing along a winding road, I perceived a carriage. A daring leap saved me the trouble of riding some distance to look for a safe place; but my view was now impeded by rocks, and the road was so crooked that I knew not whether I must turn to the right or left. My anxiety rose to an indescribable pitch, for I had already determined that my charmer was in the carriage, that she had perhaps recognised me through a glass, and waved her handkerchief to me; perhaps to save her from great peril, perhaps to give me her hand, and accompany me to the altar.

At length I again discerned the carriage from an eminence, and I had, indeed, ridden in the opposite direction. How I spurred to make up for lost time! The road wound incessantly, and there was still a considerable distance between us, although it momentarily diminished.

I had also been observed, and the occupants of the carriage really waved their handkerchiefs to me, and at length ordered

the coachman to stop. My joy was unbounded.

As I approached, and could distinguish everything better, I thought it strange that my delicate Emily should ride in such an old-fashioned vehicle, but my hopes were completely blasted, as, heated and breathless, I neared the object of my pursuit. Two old women thrust their wrinkled faces towards me; opposite them sat a spiritual gentleman.

We were all surprised to find ourselves staring at each other with looks of the greatest eagerness and excitement. I excused my speed, having believed and hoped to have met with friends; an intelligent old lady asked pardon for having beckoned to a stranger; she had imagined it was her superintendent, who had made a short journey and was already returning, after having quickly and fortunately executed his commission.

We all resumed our journey at a moderate pace, and the same neighbourhood which had before appeared to me so romantic and beautiful, now struck me as being dismal and monotonous. Having no particular object in view, I accompanied my new acquaintance, the three old people, to the village, where they rested until the mid-day heat was past, which was more requisite for the horses than for ourselves.

The two sisters possessed an estate, and a large manufactory in D—. The brother, who had formerly managed the whole concern, was dead. The anxiously-expected superintendent shortly arrived; and I felt quite the reverse of flattered at having been mistaken for him; a meagre, elderly man, who had decked his ugly person with very ill-made clothes of most strangely ill-contrasted colours. I was for a time forgotten until their business matters had been gone through.

The sisters, who were still unmarried, were named B—. I was forced to write something for them in an antique album, and promise to visit them shortly in D—.

How is this, dear uncle? I am seated here in the most friendly manner with the two old sisters, and looking over their album, after having written in it—when behold! your name, your hand, written long since; it is true. You were also in D—; are a friend of the two sisters. There is nothing very remarkable in it; but yet, in my present mood, it appears to me quite wonderful.

Yet more: Emily has also visited them, eighteen months since; she was known to the brother, who then lived.

She has written a few words in the album, signed only with the name of Emily. The old people can tell me nothing further of her, than that she was very

beautiful, which I already knew, but heard repeated with pleasure.

Here I am, then, in a most charming poetical position, buoyed up with hopes and recollections. Since I have seen this old fashioned album, I have been joyous and confident. I cannot fail; I will find her. Dear, dear Emily. I am, &c.

THE UNCLE TO THE NEPHEW.

My dear young friend,—Why must everything go so crossly with you? why do events thus oppose themselves to you? Because you commence in so fantastic a manner. Look into the poetry of your nature, for so I must call it; there should be more discretion, and your mind should partake of a less dreamy character. However, you are “a moon-seeker,” as we always called you, and so must be forgiven much that a healthier subject would have to account for. I also have ever been somewhat disposed towards this malady.

If you lose your half unknown *inamorata*, it will be your own fault. Doubtless some fine morning you will suddenly enter my cottage with your charming bride, and I shall receive a kiss from her, which will transport me again to the beautiful days of youth.

So you were also compelled to write in the old album, wherein my name stands? At the time that I knew the family, the sisters were pretty, delicate girls, scarcely out of their teens. Once I remember dining with them at their house. Afterwards we visited the magnificent neighbourhood; how the thoughtless young ladies sung and danced beneath the shade of the fir trees! To have seen them then, who could have thought that they would ever have been spoken of as wrinkled old women?

In the evening ghost-stories were related, which are far more effective in the mountains than on the plain. The girls laughed immoderately in order to banish their fears, and at length we separated for the night.

I was quartered in a room, away from the rest of the house. On the walls hung old family portraits; the carpet had become loose at one place. Being at that time fond of sitting up at night, I determined not to go to bed. With the images of the charming girls the memory of earlier years had united itself, all that had ever excited me to love or sorrow again lived within me. I had opened a large case-ment, and the fresh night air, rushing into the chamber, moved the carpet; the portraits shook in their frames; it was as though spirits passed through the apartment. The brook, which was hidden by the forest, murmured louder and louder. Opposite was a steep mountain, towering to the clouds, covered with dark fir trees. From time to time was heard the rushing

flight of some huge bird. A sweet and inexpressible harmony often pervades the feelings of youth. I evinced such inward happiness, that my tears flowed without pain or sorrow having given them birth. Meanwhile the full moon had appeared above the mountains, and changed the whole neighbourhood into a sea of light, in which a thousand strange objects, indistinguishable from each other, were seen. It seemed as if the fairies were hastening to greet their elfin king.

Who ne'er in sweet and stilly night,
Hath longed for solitude;
Who ne'er hath watched on mountain height,
And been by full-moon wooed;
He knoweth not the magic might
That springs from bush and tree.
O! long, and calm, and stilly night,
Again I worship thee.

Thus it was I wrote some days after, while thinking of those intoxicating moments. What was wanting but for a hunting-horn to be sounded from the other wing of the building? It was a young forester, who had reached home late in the night, and was, like myself, unable to sleep. He amused himself by playing simple, but pretty melodies, till morning dawned. It seemed to me as if I had lived in enchantment; had seen wonderful events; and yet there was little more than an excited imagination.

But I was going to relate something to you, a fact of importance; and a favourable opportunity may not again offer. About the same time I travelled into Switzerland. In the neighbourhood of the lake of Geneva I met with something that may be termed wonderful. I require, however, that you keep all I communicate to you a secret. I know and confide in you.

In Geneva, where I had been staying some weeks, a friend introduced me to a family, with whom my fondest desires soon took up their abode, who shortly occasioned me the greatest joy, and the bitterest agony. A mother, with her three daughters, inhabited one of the many villas which are so beautifully situated on the lake, in the enjoyment of the most lovely views. The father, in order to recover a large inheritance, had already been twelve months in Italy, and it was feared, as the affair had become more and more complicated, his return would still be delayed.

The eldest of the daughters, Rosa, was handsome and tall. She was a *blonde*, of a merry humour, and joked and laughed a great deal. She gave free scope to her jests with those who evinced any tenderness for her, or acknowledged a true or hypocritical passion for her. She was far more friendly with those men who were cold and indifferent, spoke of their affairs, the chase, or politics, and only paid the customary attention to the ladies, or even wholly neglected them.

The second daughter, Jenny, was a slender brunette. She was serious and reserved, and much occupied with books, of which Rosa took but occasional notice. She was very friendly with me, because I unweariedly satisfied her passion for literature, and had also begun to read German with her and my favourite author.

The youngest, Lidia, was the most gentle and tender. Her dazzling beauty had in it something magical, although she seemed not to know how charming she was. Simple as a child, she was friendly and confiding towards every one; joined in all conversation and games, and was now as mad as a boy, now as whimsical as a little girl, and again sedate and thoughtful, almost melancholy.

They spoke, by turns, German and French, but the poets they were acquainted with were French only.

In a short time I had gained the confidence of the family, saw them daily, and soon felt a brotherly tenderness for the three beautiful children; at first, I thought them all equally dear to me. A platonic polygamy is quite possible, so long as egotism and passion are silent. The young heart is moved by the numerous lovely beings in a manner hitherto unknown.

Thus life had become a pleasant dream, and I had no other wish than to continue to-morrow where I had left off to-day. By means of Goethe's works I was on the most confidential footing with Jenny. She was astonished at my poet, without exactly approaching him; on my authority she compelled herself to find everything beautiful; but I felt that much, which in my favourite penetrated me with delight, made no impression on her heart.

It is remarkable how habit can become nature. When she took up Racine, and read to me with tears one of the most celebrated scenes, although I understood the fine language and rhetorical power of the tragedian, still I could find less of the poet in him, than Jenny in Goethe. We disputed and grew warm, and despite so many unsuccessful attempts, I did not despair of converting my obstinate friend, who, perhaps, because she did not understand Goethe, took a greater interest in him, because she could stare at him as an incomprehensible wonder.

Pretty Lidia regarded our endeavours with wonder. She shook her beautiful curls, and was surprised that we could be so serious over a joke. Rosa was not so indifferent, for although she often danced, laughing, about the room, she would sometimes leave off, listen, reflect, and then commence a dispute with me or her sister, which frequently became so violent as occasionally to end in an unfriendly manner, and once, indeed, with bitterness.

"Why do you endeavour," she said, "to

make us, my sister especially, acquainted with poetry, and a description of sentiment which is here foreign to us, which may perhaps render us unhappy? What we term poetry is equally pretty, smooth, and agreeable, as our furniture, paintings, flowers, clothes, and ornaments. When we say 'Poem,' we know that it is something intended to produce quite a different sentiment from the everlasting Alps there, from that which the lake gives rise to, from that which storm and tempest rouses within me. Would it not be ridiculous, for yonder table, pretty and tasteful as it is, for me to become an enthusiast? to place the happiness of my life upon it? This would be absurd; but that which you undertake is worse, it is pernicious. To give rise to feelings which, although at first they may be charmingly inviting, in reality undermine life and happiness, set us at variance with nature, which we had hitherto worshipped, and imperceptibly, under the pretence of elevating, convert life itself into despair and madness. I shall beg of my mother, and my uncle in Rolle, to forbid Jenny to read these things, by which, at least, her time is wasted."

Jenny made answer that she thought Rosa must be dreaming; no book in the world, and least of all those cold German tales and poems, could corrupt mind and heart. Their immensity, which it was impossible to conceive, and which could be compared with nothing, pointed towards that classical regularity which, by acquaintance with this immensity, became more endeared to one, and thus strengthened the former conviction.

"Because," replied Rosa angrily, "you understand neither the one nor the other, you speak with such formal moderation. To those who cannot feel nor comprehend, everything is equal."

Rosa took the book, it was 'The Sorrows of Werther,' hastily from her sister, and locked it up in her book-case. "If you do not wish me to hate you," said she, turning to me, "you will never again read such unfitting things with my sister." She frowned angrily, Jenny was quite dumb, and the innocent Lidia wept at our quarrel. I returned ill-humouredly to my cottage, which I had hired in the neighbourhood in order to be near this hitherto amiable family. The thought struck me to leave Geneva and return to Germany.

In the evening I wandered gloomily along the shores of the lake. The lofty Alps glowed with the last rays of the setting sun; the lake was placid and motionless, and when the moon rose she greeted a thousand golden stars in its bosom. "If that perverse Rosa did not belong to the friendly family, if she were away, or married!" I said inwardly; "she troubles the life of the younger sisters. If the in-

telligent Jenny," I continued, "could raise her mind to the great poet, she would, perhaps, constitute the happiness of my life." I paused to reflect on this, and was suddenly startled by the void within me. Thoughts—sentiments—all broke off suddenly at this point. And Lidia—she was so beautiful, so pious, so pure—perhaps it was she who attached me to the family. No, it was not Lidia! But why am I so happy in their society? can it be Rosa? "Yes," I suddenly exclaimed, "it is she who attracts me to the spot, who magically banishes me, so that the foot hesitates to leave the dear threshold; it is her bright glances that I seek, for which my heart languishes as the flowers for the sun, to open their buds, and teach them how blessed is existence."

I could not comprehend how I had been so blind. And yet, how hostile had this Rosa shown herself towards me. Perhaps she hated me—she was opposed to my wishes; this much at least was evident, she detested the favourite of my soul, and with him everything beautiful, everything that was dear and pleasing to me.

Thus struggling with myself, unhappy and miserable, abusing Rosa and adoring her, I wandered the whole night like a lunatic on the shores of the beautiful lake.

As early as it was possible I visited the family. Rosa was not visible; Lidia apologized for her. Now that I was aware of my passion, the brotherly feeling which had formerly possessed me had vanished. Rosa at length came, after I had conversed for a long time with the mother, and treated me coldly and indifferently.

I could not understand why my former happiness had so suddenly vanished, or of what I had been guilty. Jenny and Lidia appeared to me now in quite a different light, they seemed to stand in a cloudy twilight, in a cold shadow, which rendered them insignificant to me; and Rosa, near whom my heart palpitated, who aroused all my feelings and passions, which but yesterday had slumbered, repulsed, and caused me such deadly and piercing agony, as even my poet could not have imagined. My spirit was broken, and neither Goethe nor nature could console me.

(To be continued next week.)

KAWULSKI, OR THE ACCOMPLICE.

A COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH ROMANCE. THE papers of Saturday last, in noticing a trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, *Hind v. Gray*, give the following questions and answers:—

Are you a Pole?—I am.

Did you ever reside in Paris?—I did.

Now I ask you whether you were not mixed up with Fieschi in that matter which you knew about?—That has nothing to do with this question.

Did you make the infernal machine?—I did not.

Did you ride before the house on horseback while Fieschi took the level?—I rode on horseback.

Were you not tried for that offence, and sentenced to the galleys?—I shall not answer that question.

Were you not aware of what was going on?—I knew that there was a conspiracy.

The witness under examination was named Kawulski; he was made publisher of the 'Court Gazette' when Mr Gray took in hand the affairs of Mr Edward Hill (son to Mr Hill, the banker, in Smithfield), as lately appeared on Mr Edward Hill's coming before the Insolvent Debtors' Court.

It may not be improper to add that Lord Denman, in summing up, remarked that, as the witness had not denied being connected with the daring plot referred to, they must draw their own conclusions from the circumstance, and consider whether, on temptation being held out to him, a man would not be likely to perjure himself, who, it might be inferred, had conspired to commit murder. The jury found for the plaintiff.

The parties to the plot against Louis Philippe acted with singular perfidy towards each other. Fieschi, it will be remembered, was wounded by the explosion. His treacherous accomplices had damaged some of the barrels in the hope that Fieschi's destruction would be thus secured, that the act might appear to be his, and his alone.

The circumstances that brought this witness here have not transpired. Other trials are, we hear, likely to come on, in which Mr Kawulski's valuable testimony will be required, and perhaps some further disclosures will be made.

THE TUSSA MOTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MIRROR.'

SIR,—Observing that you have given interesting particulars of some of the textile tribe in your very useful publication, I beg leave to introduce another to your notice. The insect I allude to produces a fibre exceeding in strength that of the common silk-worm almost as much as the latter surpasses the thread of the spider in tenacity. It is, in fact, one of the strongest productions of animated nature.

The Tussa moth is found in India and America. Specimens of both are seen among the stores of the Royal Polytechnic Institution.

The native of the western is smaller than that of the eastern hemisphere, and I cannot learn that its cocoon is put to any useful purpose. The inhabitants of the

East Indies have long made use of the Tussa silk for strings to their bows. The Kholes make a fabric from it which they use for dresses. A specimen made by the natives of Kholestan will be found in the institution already mentioned, together with some silk woven by Europeans from the same material, alone, and mixed with the production of the mulberry-fed silk-worm.

The large female moth there deposited was taken from the coom tree, as the natives call it, a large bush growing in the jungles of Lower Bengal. It was reared from an egg by a gentleman, who put it into mould, and watched it till ready to fly. The contents of the abdomen, which were considerable, have been removed and replaced by stuffing. The cocoon made by these insects is as large as a pigeon's egg.

The piece of native woven silk was made by means of the simplest of looms; the toes of the native Khole were described to me as working backwards and forwards, to serve the purpose of a shuttle. No one has penetrated into the interior of Kholestan: the inhabitants are still free allies of the British. This curious people are said to have no religion, unless a belief in witchcraft may be considered so.

In Bengal the Indians prepare the cocoon for winding by boiling it with the lees from wood ashes—the alkali dissolves some of the gum, and allows the fibres to separate readily. They are in the habit of adding gummy matters, oil, and dirt, to add to the weight, by which they are paid.

A piece of Tussa moth silk, woven in the way common in India, with *congies*, or rice starch, for stiffening, 37 inches wide and 8 yards long, weighed only 1 lb. 5½ oz. When the *congies* was washed out, it weighed only 14½ oz., having lost nearly one-third. A thinner specimen, of nearly the same dimensions, lost a still larger proportion of paste by washing with cold water.

I have deposited, in the Royal Polytechnic Institution, a skein of silk, a single fibre of which, half a yard in length, did not break till loaded with 1,893 grains, as proved by experiment in the laboratory of the above institution.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
July 5, 1843. L. H. P.

— Mr Winston, well known as secretary to the Garrick Club, is no more. In his younger days he was a performer, and was very successful in some of Fawcett's parts. He was through many years a living encyclopedia of all matters pertaining to the drama.



Arms. Quarterly; first, ar., upon a chev., between two chevrons, sa., three portcullises, with chains and rings of the field, for Thurlow; second and third sa., a crescent for difference.

Crest. A greyhound couchant, or, collared and lined, sa.

Supporters. Two greyhounds, or, collared and lined, sa.

Mottoes. "*Justitia soror fides.*" "Faith the sister of Justice." And, "*Quo fata vocant.*" "Where the fates call."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF THURLOW.

THE first recognized ancestor of this family is William Thurlow, who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He died in 1590, leaving with other issue a son, Edward, who inherited his property. Edward had a brother named Nicholas, who was father to John Thurlow, an enterprising traveller. He was much praised in his day, and obtained a grant of arms in 1664.

Edward Thurlow, already mentioned, died before the year 1623, and left an only son. This was William Thurlow, who, on his decease in 1652, left two sons, Violet and Thomas. It was the grandson of the latter, Edward Thurlow, by whom the family was ennobled. He was born in 1732, and having been educated at the bar, obtained a silk gown in 1761. His rise was then gradual, but not slow. Named Solicitor-General in 1770, he became Attorney-General in 1771, and Lord Chancellor in 1778. On the 3rd of June in that year he was raised to the peerage as Baron Thurlow, of Ashfield, in the county of Suffolk. On the 12th of June, 1790, he was created Baron Thurlow, of Thurlow, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his brothers and their male descendants. He died, having never been married, Sept. 12, 1806, when the original barony became extinct, while the latter barony passed to his nephew.

His lordship was an extraordinary man. His acuteness was much admired on the bench, as it had been at the bar. In society the vigour of his mind frequently burst forth, in ludicrous but sometimes rather coarse images. Some of these have passed into proverbs. One we may venture to paraphrase. Being told in a very awful tone that it was rumoured an insurrection had broken out in the Isle of Man, "A storm in a punch bowl," was in substance his pithy comment.

"I remember," says the Margravine of Anspach, "that at the time of the coalition,

when it was found so difficult to form a ministry, the late King offered to concede every point in agitation except one, which was, that Lord Thurlow should not be obliged to resign the Great Seal. Although no arguments could induce the party to relax, yet the King so firmly kept to his point, that the conference was obliged to be terminated. This great director of his sovereign's conscience was dreaded for his integrity, and for the influence which he possessed from his stern virtues.

"I have good reason to believe that the advice and friendship of this great lawyer, during the whole time of the existence of that coalition, which his Majesty so thoroughly disapproved, was the only consolation which he derived while Fox presided at the helm.

"During the troubles of the American war, when the capital exhibited scenes of outrage and violence, and when Junius by his writings had astonished and perplexed the world, the King had uniformly preserved his presence of mind; but the coalition was too much for him; his cheerfulness forsook him, and he would come from Windsor to London and back again without ever opening his lips. It was then that Thurlow was, as it were, his resting place. From his persuasions he was induced to wait for a favourable opportunity of emancipating himself from the chains which surrounded him, and not to adopt vigorous or violent expedients, which might only procrastinate his views."

In 1814, the late Lord assumed the surname of Howell, as a descendant maternally of Richard Howell, an Esquire of the body to King Henry the Fifth. He died June 4th, 1829.

Edward Howell Thurlow, the second Baron, married Miss Mary Catherine Bolton, an actress of celebrity, by whom, with other issue, he had a son, who now wears the title, and who was born November 12, 1814.

THE LOVERS OF LYONS.

(Abridged from the Story-Teller.)

THE Baron de Monthillier, the last remaining representative of an ancient and illustrious house, after serving with honour in the armies of his sovereign, had retired to superintend the education of his only daughter, the lovely Adelaide. She had been deprived, while yet an infant, of that greatest of all blessings to a youthful female—the care of an accomplished mother. Talents, such as fall to the lot of a few, a disposition the most engaging, and a form the most lovely, marked the rising years of Adelaide.

The baron, his daughter, and her *gouvernante*, had for many years composed the only inmates of the castle. At length, in the twelfth year of Adelaide's age, a new event introduced an addition to their domestic circle.

The only sister of the baron had early in life formed an imprudent match. Her husband was by birth a Swiss. His family in Switzerland lived happily, though not splendidly.

His sister had never ceased to be an object of warm affection to the baron: but the hereditary pride of birth, and dislike of everything plebeian, were among his strongest prejudices. His sister and her husband were equally, but more rationally proud, in disdaining to solicit what they deemed unworthily denied. No intercourse, therefore, had ever been maintained between the separated relatives. In the conversation of the man she loved, and in the education of her only son, this sister, however, never found cause to regret the sacrifice of useless pomp, for real though humble happiness. But, in this life, there is no permanent felicity. Before their son, Theodore, had attained his seventh year, the kind husband and affectionate parent died.

To his widowed mother Theodore remained the only comfort, and to his education she directed all her care. Scarcely had he attained his 14th year, when his mother, who had long been in a declining state, breathed her last. Thus, at an age when it is most important to bend the incipient passions to their proper objects, and to accustom them early to control,—at an age where so much may be done towards forming the future character, was he deprived of both his guardians. These were the only reflections which disturbed the death-bed hours of his mother. "My brother," she would say, "was ever generous and noble,—he once loved me, and though he in some measure disowned our little circle, because I preferred happiness to splendour, he never used me unkindly: surely he will not refuse the dying request of an only, and once dear sister." She traced, with

trembling hand, a few lines to the baron. "Theodore, my child," said she to her son, a few hours before her death, "when you have laid me by the side of your honoured father, bear this letter to France,—to your uncle, the Baron de Monthillier; and, as you have ever been obedient to me, be equally submissive to what your uncle may determine. He is noble and generous; endeavour to merit his approbation."

The Baron de Monthillier was one evening seated in the apartment where he usually spent that portion of the day with Adelaide and her aged governess, when he was informed that a stranger wished to be introduced. Theodore advanced, and presented his mother's letter. A struggle between pride and feeling seemed to agitate the mind of the baron; but the kindlier affections obtained the mastery, and he folded his nephew to his bosom.

Theodore had not long been established an inmate in the family of his new protector, when he became a general favourite. In the handsome youth the baron beheld the image of a long-lost and beloved sister: and in admiring his noble and generous disposition, he almost forgot the imaginary stigma derived from his father's plebeian birth.

Between the youthful consins an intimacy still more close was soon established and cemented by the equality of age—by the agreement of taste—and in some measure by the similarity of their pursuits.

A warmer blush suffused the cheek of Adelaide when pressed by the lips of Theodore, in commendation of some sentiment which she had uttered, and she dared not, as hitherto, yet knew not why, return his caresses.

Theodore was the first to discover the state of his mind, and to perceive his danger. External circumstances, indeed, forced this knowledge upon him; as the flash amidst the darkness of night may disclose to the mariner the ripple on those breakers of which he slumbered in forgetfulness. War had been declared by France against Switzerland, and had continued to be carried on with that violence and cruelty which ever marks a contest between the oppressor and the oppressed, when the latter has once been roused to arms. Theodore loved his country. He began to consider it as dishonourable to forsake her in the hour of danger. What detained him in France? Alas! must he confess, even to his own heart, that Adelaide was the cause of his delay. He started at this discovery, as if an abyss had opened at his feet.

Circumstances produced a crisis sooner than was anticipated. The melancholy visible in the deportment of Theodore could not escape the observation of his cousin, whose penetration was rendered

acute by the state of her own heart. One evening, seated in a small summer-house, on a romantic steep near the extremity of the grounds surrounding the château, the cousins were insensibly betrayed into a conversation, which disclosed to each their mutual love. Theodore concealed his intention of joining the patriot bands of his countrymen.

"But, my dear Adelaide," said he, "I must leave Monthillier; both prudence and duty dictate my departure. Your father will never consent to our union, and I cannot think for a moment of betraying the confidence of my benefactor, or your peace of mind. I am not worthy of you; I should then be less so. When you no longer daily see me, your bosom will recover its wonted serenity."

"Theodore, cruel Theodore!" replied Adelaide; "do you indeed wish to break my heart? Alas! how can I, even were it my desire, forget you? Have I not, for many happy years, been taught to love you as a brother? Let me go with you to Switzerland,—your parents were happy there—happy in each other,—can we not be so likewise? Ah! what have I said? wretch that I am, do I forget the duty which a father, a generous and indulgent father claims?"

Here she burst into tears, and covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly; then resuming, in a subdued tone of voice,

"Theodore, you are right; duty and prudence demand our separation; obtain your uncle's approbation of your plans, and the sooner you leave Monthillier the better for us both."

A long silence was only interrupted by the opening of the door of a small *oratoire* attached to the summer-house, from which the baron entered. Induced by the beauty of the evening, he had, contrary to his usual custom, extended his walk so far; and while engaged in his devotions, the youthful cousins entered the summer-house, to whose conversation he had thus been made an unwilling listener. The trembling lovers, falling on their knees before the baron, each wished only to implore that his resentment would spare the other.

"Rise, my children, and in each other receive the reward of your virtue, and of your filial piety. Cherish those sentiments which have hitherto directed your conduct. Theodore, in this trembling hand which I now place in thine, accept the only precious gift which I have to bestow. Rank, birth, and wealth, are to be valued, when, by our station in life we have to maintain the dignity and the importance of a name, which has descended unsullied to us from illustrious ancestors. Wealth I dispense with. Birth you can claim, at least on one side; rank you may obtain by merit. You are both young; after a few years' service

you may with propriety return to Monthillier, and to Adelaide."

Surprise and astonishment kept Theodore silent; he could only kiss the hand which he still held, and press that of his benefactor to his heart. But short was this gleam of happiness, like the ray which, for a moment, bursts through the stormy clouds.

"I had written," continued the baron, "without informing you, to the Duke de —, one of the princes of the blood, my former companion in arms, whose son has been appointed to lead the armies of France against these rebellious mountaineers of the Alps, and you are appointed one of his aides-de-camp."

Theodore, summoning all his courage, replied, "I cannot, my lord, accept of this office. I am not insensible of your kindness, nor am I ungrateful; but I cannot, even to gain your approbation, and to deserve Adelaide, fight against my countrymen."

"How, romantic boy!" exclaimed the baron; "dost thou then maintain the part of traitors and rebels? But I give you till to-morrow to fix your determination. Come, Adelaide;" and before the youth had time to answer, his uncle had departed with the weeping Adelaide.

Theodore, great as was the temptation, required not time to consider whether he ought to accept the conditions on which fortune, and, still more, happiness, were offered. After writing to his uncle, and putting himself in possession of the details respecting his little property, the same night beheld him on his way to his oppressed country.

Months rolled on without soothing the sorrow of Adelaide.

Nor was this sorrow lessened by the addresses of another suitor, in the son of the Count de —, whose domains lay contiguous to the lands of Monthillier. Her father, without pressing the match, gave her to understand, that an union in every respect so suitable would be agreeable to him. Externally, this young nobleman appeared to possess all the qualities which could render a woman happy; but this appearance of virtue was merely superficial; he was selfish and avaricious, though addicted to pleasure. He beheld, indeed, with admiration, the beauty of Adelaide; but her fortune was to him the greatest charm. Adelaide in part penetrated his character.

In the meantime, the power of the invaders proved irresistible in Switzerland; and Theodore, after exertions which had greatly signalised him, saw his unhappy country totally subdued. A wanderer and an exile, he was indebted for his personal safety to the gratitude of the French commander—the very nobleman under whom

he had been appointed to serve, whose life he had saved at the imminent risk of his own. The French general, attended only by a few officers, and a small escort, had advanced to some distance from his camp, for the purpose of observing the enemy's position. This being observed by Theodore, he quickly assembled an active and intrepid party, with which, taking a circuitous route, he succeeded; after a sharp conflict, in carrying off the general and several of his officers. A short time previous to this event, some Swiss officers either were, or were reported to have been, murdered in cold blood by their invaders, and it was now determined to retaliate this barbarity. Theodore stood bravely forward in defence of his unfortunate captives, and declared, that only with life would he cease to defend those who had submitted on his pledge of security, and the prisoners were allowed to be ransomed.

Abandoning his enslaved country, Theodore, almost without intending it, found himself in Lyons. So near, ought he not to trace once more the walks and shades of Monthillier—might he not be allowed to gaze, for the last time, on Adelaide? Such were his reflections: and the rays of the evening sun were falling brightly on the little summer-house, the scene of his last delusive interview, as he gazed upon it from the opposite bank of the stream. To this, except by going close to the castle, there was only one passage, over a narrow bridge of wood, which spanned the gulf, at a great height above the torrent. Theodore now entered precincts often trodden with pleasure, and soon found himself at the door of the elegant little building, which still continued to be the favourite retreat of Adelaide.

No one was there, but a book lay open on the table. This Theodore recognised as an Italian classic which he had frequently read with Adelaide. He pressed the unconscious volume to his lips and to his bosom, and ere he was aware, Adelaide entered. In mute astonishment she suffered him to take her hand. Of many things did the lovers discourse, without coming to any resolution, save to meet again.

The interview had not passed without observation. The new lover of Adelaide had gained over to his purposes a confidential domestic in the family of the baron. This person, watching every movement of Adelaide, had discovered the meeting of the cousins, and had traced Theodore to a neighbouring cottage, where he intended to remain concealed.

Informed of Theodore's return, and of the meeting with Adelaide, the young count set no bounds to his desire of vengeance, and resolved, at all hazards, to remove his rival.

To mature his purposes, he determined

himself to be a witness of the lovers' second interview. The sun was sinking beneath the western horizon, when he beheld Theodore hasten along the narrow and half overgrown pathway, and enter the summer-house. A few minutes after Adelaide appeared in an opposite direction, proceeding from the castle. Still lurking amid the underwood, the count continued to expect the termination of their conference. At length the youthful pair were seen advancing from the pavilion. He caught Adelaide's voice urging her lover to suffer in patience, adding in accents a ministering angel would employ—"My father is not inexorable, and the interest of those friends whom you mention I know to be great: at all events, the happiness of another interview awaits us—we meet again to-morrow." The sounds were now indistinct, but the count had obtained the desired information. He continued to watch their motions.

The count exulted in the certain prospect of accomplishing his designs. The lovers were to meet on the succeeding eve. Theodore had but one way to pass; total darkness would then involve the bed of the torrent, and the bridge by which alone it could be crossed. Nothing could be more easy than, before the youth's return, to remove a few of the transverse planks composing the platform, and the hapless passenger would drop, unseen, unheard, into the gulf beneath—the planks being restored, the secret of his fate would remain concealed.

The evening sun shone brightly with "farewell sweet," as the count, too faithful to his purpose, repaired to his lurking-place. Not long after Theodore was seen advancing with ardent and impatient steps—possibly unconscious of everything but the delight of meeting Adelaide: nor were his anticipations disappointed. Scarcely had he attained the walk leading to the pavilion when she appeared. The count eyed the place with a look of savage joy, as the couching tiger glares upon the prey now within its spring. As darkness advanced he proceeded to remove the boards which he had previously loosened from the fatal bridge, leaving a yawning chasm in the narrow footway over the deepest part of the abyss.

The lovers were delighting themselves with prospects of happiness, which now indeed seemed no longer delusive. Theodore had that day received letters from the Prince de —, the French commander, whose life he saved in Switzerland. This generous friend had not forgotten the obligation, and had so represented the matter to his sovereign, that Theodore's little estate was not only restored, but the king had invested him with the honour of knighthood, and farther offered him an

honourable rank in his army. Theodore could now have no objection to accept of these favours, and the only remaining difficulty was to obtain the forgiveness of his uncle.

The interview between the relatives was cordial; many things, however, were to be explained, and considerable space elapsed in the conference between Theodore and his uncle.

Adelaide, in the interval, could not feel composed, while her happiness was thus at stake. In the state of existing anxiety every place was alike indifferent, and every spot equally well known. Without surprise, then, for it was at no great distance from the summer-house, she found her steps had been unconsciously directed to the rustic bridge. "The fresh air will cool my feverish brow," thought she, and advanced. Her light foot was heard for a moment on the platform—it ceased—a faint and convulsive shriek—a heavy plunge, sounding for an instant above the roar of the torrent, told the fate of the young and lovely victim.

The baron and Theodore were now reconciled. Everything had been explained to the old man's satisfaction.

"But where is Adelaide?" said he, with impatient satisfaction in his accents; "why does not she participate in the happiness of this moment?"

"I go to call her," said Theodore; "my cousin waits in the pavilion."

They were in a recess formed by a corner turret, built on the very verge of the rock on which the castle stood, and where two windows overlooked the stream.

Something white floating on its surface caught the eye of Theodore. A sad presentiment seized his mind—he rushed from the apartment, descended the rocks with fearful rapidity, and clasped the body of the lifeless Adelaide.

What words can describe the frantic grief of the hapless lover, or the speechless sorrow of the aged parent! Happily the sufferings of the latter were of short duration. He died before the morning rays dawned on his wretchedness.

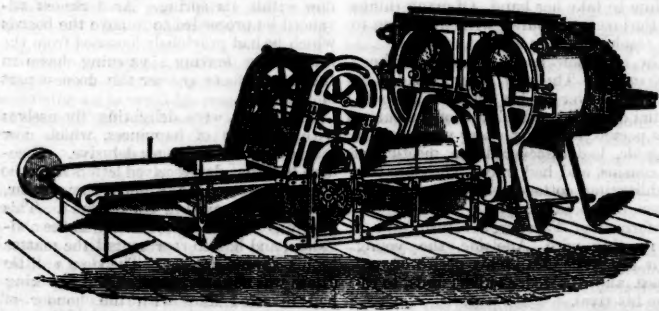
Three days did Theodore watch the beloved remains in silent and solitary woe. On the fourth, the funeral obsequies were solemnized. When the last of the hallowed mould had been placed upon their graves, and when the crowd of mourners was now lessening, "Hast thou at last broken?" exclaimed the youth, speaking for the first time, and laying his hand on his heart as he sunk upon the ground. Then, in scarcely audible accents, "Lay me," said he, "by Adelaide!" and expired.

The wretch who had occasioned all these calamities had alone been privy to his own machinations. But the confession of the baron's domestic, whom he had seduced to act as a spy, was sufficient to implicate him in suspicion. The count was therefore arrested, and, agonized by remorse, at last voluntarily confessed his guilt. Between his sentence and execution, however, reason deserted her throne—a raving maniac, he survived many years, a fearful example of the effects of crime, and enduring a punishment more terrible than death itself.

MARCH OF BRICK AND MORTAR.

The brick and tile-making machine, for which Mr Ainslie has obtained a patent, promises largely to facilitate the progress of building, by diminishing the attendant expenses. By this machine, which has been much admired for its simplicity,

thirty fifteen-inch tiles are made in one minute, perfect in the curved form, and ready for the kiln. They are stronger than those made in the old method, and the saving is enormous. The cost of 10,000 is 14s. 6d. The former price of 10,000 was 3l. 8s. 6d.



The following is the inventor's description of the machine :

"In consequence of the rollers being near to each other, little more than one quarter of an inch apart, all obstacles, such as stones and other hard substances, are crushed to powder in their progress downward, thereby giving to proprietors of clay fields the power of manufacturing their own tiles, even though the clay should be of an inferior quality. Immediately below the centre of the rollers is placed a cylinder lying horizontally with an opening one inch and a half wide on the top, through which the clay enters ; and on each side of the opening is placed a scraper, to clean rollers and direct the clay into a lower cylinder. In the lower cylinder there is placed a double spiral screw, which revolves ; the threads are about seven inches apart ; consequently, whilst the rollers force the clay in a perpendicular direction through the opening into the threads of the screw, the screw forces the clay horizontally into the chamber in front of it for receiving the mass of clay, into which the screw empties itself. In front of this chamber a plate with moulds is screwed ; so that when the chamber is charged, the overplus clay is forced through the moulds in a continuous stream to an endless cloth, which moves the moulded clay forward to the cutting frame, consisting of two endless chains, inclining a little from the perpendicular, to which two wires are attached horizontally by hooks : these chains are moved by a belt connected to the shaft of the first roller of the endless web, to suit the speed of the clay, and are kept constantly revolving, so that the wires divide the clay into tiles during its continuous movement ; the tiles are then pushed forward by the uncut clay, over small rollers, till they reach another endless web, from which they are taken. For the prevention of breakages, a strong friction hoop is placed upon the driving shaft of the machine, which is tightened till it puts the machine in motion. Suppose that either by accident or intention iron or any other hard substance was thrust into the machine, this friction hoop will yield to the strain of such a substance, thereby causing the machine to stand still till the obstacle is removed. A pug mill is recommended to feed the machine when the clay is very irregular."

Science.

IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.—Professor Bachhoffner has recently discovered that the iron gas and water pipes intersecting this metropolis, can be made available as the generative metal in a galvanic battery ; in fact, that the chain of

pipings buried in the earth affords a constant supply of voltaic electricity of exceeding low tension, but sufficient in quantity to produce a steady deflection of the galvanometer of 60°. In order to take advantage of this supply it is merely necessary to bring a wire of copper in good metallic connexion with the lead pipe conveying the water from the main to the house, and in any convenient situation to bury about eighteen inches deep in the earth a piece of sheet copper one foot square, a corresponding wire being previously connected to it ; these wires may then be considered as the poles or electrodes of the battery, and used accordingly.

Literature.

Ainsworth's Magazine. July.

'MODERN Chivalry, or a New Orlando Furioso,' opens 'Ainsworth's Magazine' for the present month. This is a fresh work from the prolific pen of the editor. It commences with great vivacity. The closing pages of the number present the beginning of a work of fiction, by the late Dr Maginn. It is entitled 'John Manesty, the Liverpool Merchant.' What its merits are as a novel, of course cannot be safely predicted from the first two or three chapters, but the sarcastic humour of the writer will amuse those whom it does not affront, as exhibited in a discussion where certain pious and gifted gentlemen attended, to discuss the important question whether their friend Manesty, who was opposed to the slave trade, might with a safe conscience take a property comprehending slaves, which devolved upon him from the failure of the mortgagee. Of the ingenuity of the speakers, no praise from us is necessary, as the specimen below will prove. We can only find room for a part of the discourse of "Quintin Quantock, the Boanerges of Bullock Smithy. He, with other "gifted speakers," was well disposed to see Manesty take the property, evidently in the hope that it would not have the effect of abating his hospitality. He thus delivers himself :—

"This, brethren, is a grave question ; on one side are the earthly good, on the other the heavenly hopes of a brother dear unto us all. I shall divide my observations upon it into seventeen heads. First—Is making slaves a sin ? Secondly—Is trading in slaves a sin ? Thirdly—Is buying slaves a sin ? Fourthly—Is holding slaves a sin ? I shall take these four together. First, as to making slaves : that clearly is a sin ; for as godly Zachariah Hickathrift, whom I rejoice to see here present, well remarked in his sermon, which he hath since printed and distributed among the churches"—[Here old Cuff-the-cushion, who had been asleep for

the last quarter of an hour, woke up, and said, 'I have six copies of it in my pocket, and the price is only sixpence the single copy; but any quantity may be had for distribution at the Richard Baxter's Head, in Whitechapel, at two guineas the hundred.'

"Let him send two hundred to-morrow," said John Manesty.—"Proceed, Quintin."

"As the godly Zachariah said," continued Quintin, evidently piqued at the unexpected slice of luck he had procured for his rival divine—"in his sermon, which does not appear to have had the sale which it merited,—to prove making slaves a sin is wasting words, and upon that head, therefore, I shall dilate no further. Secondly, if making slaves be a sin, assuredly trading in them must be a sin also; for slaves would not be made unless they were intended to be traded in. For what does a man make anything for, but to trade in it?"

"That's a very judicious observation," said Mac Nab, taking a pinch of snuff.

"Very much so," agreed the Rev. Phelim O'Fogarty.

"In the third place," went on the orator of Bullock Smithy, 'if trading in slaves be a sin, buying them must certainly be so; for who would trade if there was nobody to buy? If, then, making, trading in, and buying slaves be sinful, the question we have next to discuss is, whether holding them be sinful; and this can be conveniently divided into about fifteen heads—all of which I shall proceed to discuss. Before, however, going into a minute consideration of the subject, I shall pay a short attention to the matter immediately before us. Slaves are—the sin be on the head of those that made them so,—but as they are, they must live—how live? By being fed on the fruits of the earth, or in the manner of all mankind. Whence comes the food? From their own labour: true; but if no field for that labour be supplied them, starvation ensues. Set them free to work, and there is no field. What, then, shall we say? Are they to be made free, to starve? God forbid! The law is bad, but it is the law; change the law, and things will be otherwise. Meanwhile, the African is indeed injured, not having food to eat.'

"Here broke a sigh of sympathy from the bowels of mercy of sleek Samuel Broad. This last stroke of the pathetic deeply affected him and many other of the preachers, who were reminded, by a savoury smell that permeated the apartment, that they were, in probability, kept from something more substantial by this the first of the fifteen divisions of the question of which Quintin Quantock was now hot in pursuit.

"As I heard Mr Clarkson say," continued Quintin, 'the injured African cries to us, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' So, I say, would not the African slave, in the useful situation which I have endeavoured to describe, say, 'Am not I a man with an appetite?' (Here followed what, in the French newspaper reports, is called a sensation.) "Retain, therefore, thy slaves, John Manesty!—John Manesty, thy slaves retain!" (and he smote the table as he said it.) "Take them, as Philemon was told to take Onesimus. John Manesty, take thy slaves! not as servants, but above servants—as brethren beloved!"

He further argues in the following strain:

"All the silver and gold and vessels of brass and iron are consecrated to the Lord; they shall come into the treasury of the Lord. By the sin of Achan, part of them were prevented from coming there—that is the accursed thing, and such is the doctrine of all the churches. Now, righteous Rowbotham (and here the words of the Rev. speaker fell from his lips like oil and honey, his voice was subdued, and his half-shut eyes resting with holy fervour and friendship on the glowing nose of the righteous Rowbotham), 'are the slaves in the hands of John Manesty, in this sense—in the true sense of the text, taken with the context—are they the accursed thing?—are they kept away from the treasury of the Lord? No. Is the gold and the silver procured by their labours to be deducted from that treasury? No. Is there no difference between Tom Tobin, who, like the railing Rabshakeh, abused me, even me! in the market-place of Stockport, last Tuesday, when with vile tongue, he called me an ancient hypocrite—

"Yes," whispered Muggins, who had not enjoyed the joke at his shop, 'he called him an old humbug!'

"Tom Tobin, who would waste his ill-gotten wealth in ways of evil, and John Manesty, who will devote it to good purposes—who will found chapels, of various denominations—who will send out zealous missionaries, clothed and fed and paid, for the promotion of religion, and will sweeten the churches from the sugar-cane of his bounty. Shall not, then, John Manesty hold these slaves, and hold them for the church and its chosen vessels? Yea, I say unto thee, righteous Rowbotham—even unto thee—he shall!"

The London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Illustrated Polytechnic Journal. No. 1. Aird. This is a new scientific work, intended to be illustrated as it proceeds; but little in that way is done in the present number. An apology is made that more has not been accomplished. The literary part

presents much that deserves warm commendation. Some of the articles, most ably written, communicate the results of profound reflection in a very attractive shape. The following reflections, enclosed as they are by a reference to facts, will be found very striking:—

"The latitudes of ordinary places may differ from time to time in a greater or less degree from the inaccuracy of instruments, observations, or measurements; but it ought to create a suspicion to find the latitudes of observatories changing, where oversights have no possible chance to enter into such a simple problem as the determination of the latitude. Now, it is a noted fact, that every astronomer in Europe counts *his* observatory to be in a different latitude from that of any of his predecessors, if such have had a predecessor; even astronomers called Royal, in enlightened England and France, differ respecting the latitudes of their respective observatories given by their several predecessors, but their differences are sure to be saddled upon any cause except the true one—the actual change of the place with reference to the poles. These facts are so well known that it would be useless to give a list of the latitudes in which the several observatories have been said to stand.

"It would likewise be useless to state the different latitudes which have been given to the same remarkable places on coasts and elsewhere; these were changed without the slightest compunction, as time could not be spared for them to undergo the like cookery which the latitudes of observatories have undergone.

"Not only the change of the latitudes of objects and places show this change in the earth's axis; but, among many other observed facts, we may here mention the foundation of all our old churches, which were laid out due east and west, and due north and south, have shifted to comply with the right motion of the earth's axis, and that, too, in direct proportion to the dates of their standing. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind that has fallen under our notice, is that presented by the position of the city of Philadelphia, in the United States of America: the surveyors, under the direction of Wm. Penn, the founder, laid out Market street and Broad street, crossing each other at right angles, due east and west, and due north and south; but now they point in different directions, accommodating themselves to the universal law which is here, for the first time, shown to exist. Among other objects which can be submitted to actual measurement, may be mentioned sun-dials of long standing, especially horizontal ones, as they partake of this motion in a two-fold manner—that is, with respect to the elevation of the gnomon, and the gradual

change of the horizontal plane. Many instances of this kind are on record: sun-dials excavated from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum do not now tell the hour in the latitudes in which they have been found; if any person would take the trouble to compare the time which such dials now show, with that time which they ought to show, they will find that the earth's axis must change in the manner which we have described. It may be supposed, because the bearings of natural objects, such as the tops of mountains, do not change in exact accordance with the motion of the earth's axis, like the foundation of churches and other structures of man, that such a law has not an equal influence over them: the fact is, that the rigidity of the materials of which they are composed, not only prevents them immediately yielding to this motion, but also leaves them elevated or depressed, either gradually or suddenly, above or below the rest of the surrounding matter."

The Gathrtr.

The Organ of Judge Jefferies.—When the Benchers of the Temple, in the reign of Charles the Second, wanted an organ for their church, the two most eminent builders, Schmidt and Harris, were induced to enter into an animated rivalry, to ascertain which could produce the best instrument. The contention lasted long. Blow and Purcell showed the power of Schmidt's; M. Lully performed on Harris's organ. Both were admired; but it was doubtful which would carry the prize. At last the Lord Chief Justice (Jefferies) was empowered to set at rest the important question, and he decided in favour of Schmidt, and established the organ now heard in the Temple Church.

The Panorama of Cologne.—Mr Burford's new effort is one of his best. Every object is beautifully distinct. The bold scenery in the vicinity of the city is happily depicted; the rich summer glow which rests on the whole scene, and the transparency of the water, are in good keeping. Of course all the buildings of any note are exactly portrayed, and we must not forget to add the animated and well employed figures introduced give the whole scene an air of reality, which greatly heightens the interest of the picture. Victor speaks of the rafts which were formerly seen on the Rhine as if they had ceased to move on its bosom. Mr Burford shows us that they are still used. They look considerable islands, and on these we are told many human beings pass nearly the whole of their lives.

Old Times.—The fourth report of the deputy keeper of the public records, just laid before the House of Lords, contains an

entry in the reign of Henry the Third, setting forth that "Nicholas de Brakendal, clerk, a scholar of Cambridge, imprisoned at Cambridge on a charge of homicide, ought lawfully to be tried before an Ecclesiastical Court, and praying that the said Nicholas may be given up for that purpose."

Raising the Wind.—Bibb, the original Jeremy Diddler, met Morton the dramatist one day, after the successful performance of one of the latter's plays, and concluding that a prosperous author must have plenty of cash, ventured to ask the loan of a crown. Morton assured him that he had no more silver than 3s. 6d. Bibb readily accepted that, but said, on parting, "Remember, I intended to borrow a crown, so you owe me 1s. 6d."

Lady Montague's Letters.—The Margravine of Anspach says in her 'Memoirs,' says Lady Bute, the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague "sent me a very polite message on hearing that I had said the cloven foot of the pedant was plainly to be perceived in the printed letters of her mother; that some things might be hers, but I was sure most of the letters were composed by men." Her ladyship, upon her introduction to me, said, that she had always had a high opinion of my sense, and what I had observed respecting her mother's letters confirmed it. She then told me that Mr Walpole and two other wits, friends of his, joined in a trio to divert themselves at the expense of the credulity of the English public, by composing those letters."

Soldiers not firm Friends.—Military people, from having travelled much, and seen much, unless they are very stupid indeed, are sure to be agreeable companions, but look not for friends among them. The very movement in which they are continually kept, renders them facile to receive new impressions, and easily forgetful of old ones.

Cutting through the Isthmus of Panama.—The long-contemplated achievement of science, the cutting through this isthmus, is likely, at no distant day to be attempted. M. Guizot lately read to the French Chamber of Deputies a letter from Baron Humboldt in favour of the plan. From a document forwarded to the Academy of Sciences by Mr Warden, an American citizen, it appears that the cutting necessary to unite the two seas, by means of the three rivers, Vinto-Tinto, Bernardino, and Farren, is but twelve and a half miles in length. The fall will be regulated by four double locks of 45 metres long. The canal will be altogether 49 miles in extent, 43 metres 50 centimetres wide at the surface, 17 metres 50 centimetres at the bottom, and having a depth of 6 metres 50 centimetres. It will be navigable for vessels of from 1,000

to 1,400 tons burthen. All the materials necessary for the construction of the canal are found on the soil which it has to traverse; and the total cost has been estimated at 2,778,615 dollars, including the price of four steam-boats, and two iron bridges, 46 metres long, and opening for the passage of ships.

Knowledge of Costume.—Among the blunders committed by Breughell, the Dutch painter, not the least curious was that in his picture of the 'Eastern Magi,' where he has drawn the Indian king with boots and spurs, and in his hand the model of a Dutch 74, as a present to the holy child.

Poisoning Whales.—At the Paris Academy of Science a paper was read from M. Ackermann on the means of killing whales. He suggests there should be introduced into the harpoon, by means of a hollow tube, a quantity of prussic acid, which, being set free by the blow of the harpoon, would flow into the wound. A trial of his plan has been made in the bay of Valparaiso. The whale did not die immediately, but lived an hour, but, from the first, was so weakened by the poison, that the pursuit was not attended with danger.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several correspondents whose scientific inquiries remain unanswered will be attended to next week.

Duels and Duellists next week.

Memon's communication is inadmissible. A feeble translation of that which has appeared more than once in an English dress, can have no value for the readers of the 'Mirror.' That which delights his ignorance would not be endured by their intelligence.

To the question of J. S. we reply—Iron cannot be welded, or plates or bars made to adhere permanently, unless the heat applied is equal to 60 degrees of Wedgwood's pyrometer, or to 837° of Fahrenheit. The fire must be clear, and a little slice, or fine sand, sprinkled over the parts to be welded, to keep their surface from the atmosphere, and to serve as a flux. Cast steel must not be heated so much, as it would be fused, and run from under the hammer when struck.

Silenus, to discover the quantity of spirit in wine, ale, or other liquors, must take eight parts of the liquid to be examined; add one pint of concentrated solution of sub-acetate of lead; a dense precipitate will ensue; shake the mixture for some minutes. He must then pour it upon a filter. Collect the filtered fluid, and it will contain the spirit and water of the wine together, with any portion of the sub-acetate of lead that may have been added in excess. Add to this, in small quantities at a time—warm and dried (by heat) pure sub-carbonate of potash. The spirit contained in the fluid will be then separated from the water, forming a distinct stratum floating upon the alkaline solution made by the sub-carbonate of potash and the water in the wine or ale. The experiment should be made in a long glass vessel or tube. By this method he may always detect the intoxicating properties of the liquids, and ascertain if they are from spirit or from drugs.

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